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HATCHING EGGS—Large eggs from selected 2 and 3-year-old Haddon strain White Leghorns, \$5 per 100. E. S. Pranner, Middle, Ore.

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5-ROOM cottage for rent. Phone 187-1.

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Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe, honeymooning in Paris, meets an old sweetheart, Monty English. Monty is young and handsome, but Ashtoreth turned him down because he was only a radio salesman, and poor as poverty.

She married, instead, a millionaire named Hollis Hart, who shows her with gifts and loves her with all his heart. Ashtoreth loves him, too—or thinks she does. Anyway, Hollis is fabulously good to her. They live at the Ritz, and she has a lady's maid, and a Hispano-Suiza, with a chauffeur named Felix, who wears a bottle-green uniform. And she wears the most beautiful clothes of any American girl in Paris (which is saying a great deal).

Now she is sitting with Monty at a little sidewalk cafe near the Flower Market, watching the French sweethearts make love to each other.

Monty tells Ashtoreth how he has come to Paris, to sell radios. Suddenly he leans to her across the table.

"Tell me, Ash," he asks, "are you happy, dear?"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XLIII

Ashtoreth toyed with a strawberry tart.

"Happy?" she repeated. "Why, Monty darling, of course I'm happy."

But her voice was a little, scared whisper, that any man could guess was lying.

"They sat in silence, like lovers who had quarreled. Near them, a student from the Latin quarter drank chocolate with his sweetheart. They leaned across the table, and exchanged kisses. Down the street came a man and girl, with their arms about each other. She said something that made him laugh, and he stooped to brush her lips with his. A bus stopped on the corner, and the first man to descend held his arms up to a girl in a red tulle. She flung herself into his arms, and he kissed her as he set her on her feet. Ashtoreth and Monty looked at each other and smiled.

"Don't you adore the French lovers?" she exclaimed. "At home now, there are policewomen on the corners, to arrest boys and girls for kissing. And over here they don't think anything of it at all. There are three couples we've seen kissing within three minutes."

Monty bent to his pastry.

"It's all in the national viewpoint, I suppose. Being human, like the rest of those birds, I'd like a kiss myself. But, being American, I eat a foolish cake instead."

"Why, the idea, Monty? You mustn't forget that I'm a married woman."

"I'm liable to," he told her. "That's the devil of it."

She leaned toward him, and the

fragrance of her violets was a little breath of springtime. She put her fingers on his, gently.

"I'd have made a rotten wife for you, Monty."

"I know that."

"Then what makes you feel so badly?"

"Love's an unreasonable thing," he told her, and dug in his pocket for change. "Come on, let's get moving, Ash."

"How do you mean—unreasonable, Monty?"

"Oh, it makes savages stick rings through their noses," and he smiled at her indulgently. "And it makes saps out of wise guys. And little girls ask questions. It's a snare and a delusion, that's what it is."

They strolled down the street, chatting like strangers.

"Where are you living?" she asked.

"Pension," he told her. "Over on the Left Bank. You're at the Ritz, I saw it in the papers."

"Yes," she said. "We've a suite that's bigger than the flat. And I've a maid of my own."

"Holy cow!" He whistled softly. "And you like it, Ash?"

"I told you," she reminded him. "That I am very happy."

"Your husband," he remarked, when they had walked in silence to the Quai, "seemed like a regular chap. Ash, I suppose he told you all the details about the smash, and the paper I had in my pocket. That was how we knew each other. Lord, what a coincidence!"

"Yes, wasn't it?"

"I didn't tell him I was going to ask you to marry me. I didn't want him to be magnanimous and all that sort of rot."

"What did you tell him, Monty?"

"Well, you saw the story, didn't you? I told him you were a friend of mine, and naturally a thing like that made me hot. He knew I was on my way to see you. He was very decent about it, too. Asked me to drive up with him. There wasn't any point to that, though. Your mind was made up then. He said you were going to be married in the morning. Well, that settled things for me. I wasn't going butting in."

"First, when he was telephoning to you, I thought I'd like to talk to you. But, when he handed me the phone, and I heard your voice on the other end—"

"I know," interrupted Ashtoreth. "You asked for mother."

"And I couldn't even talk to her," he admitted. "Just a regular darn fool, that's all."

She slipped her hand confidently in his.

"How are things going, Monty? Do you like it over here?"

"Oh, sure. It's all right. Lots of fun, where I'm living. All French people, you know. Gives you a chance to pick up the language."

"It's very nice at the Ritz," she

boasted.

"All right. If you like it," he agreed. "I should think you'd be another in all that grandeur. Me for the old Left Bank."

"We've a car," she told him grandly. "A Hispano-Suiza."

"You can't make me sore," he boasted. "I've a Citroen—one of those French five-verses-multiples."

"And I know my way around, too," she thought of their chauffeur, Felix, grand in bottle-green livery. He had a little waxed moustache, and his finger nails were beautifully manicured. There was something about him that made Ashtoreth feel like a little country girl. She didn't know what it was. But Felix and Ashtoreth—they both made her feel that way.

"I bet," Monty was telling her impudently, "that you'd get a lot of kick out of tearing round with me."

Well, maybe she would. Hollis wasn't what anybody'd call a tearing model. Still, she certainly wasn't going to sound disloyal.

"I'm having a perfectly wonderful time," she declared, and pursed her red lips primly.

"Money, all it cracked up to be?" he asked. "You remember, Ash, I always said you'd marry for love or money."

"Well, I did, didn't I?" she demanded.

"Which?" he inquired insolently.

"Love, idiot," she told him sharply.

Hollis had reached the hotel before he returned, and called to her from his room, as she opened the door.

"Oh, Orchid—is that you? Hello, darling. Did you have a good time?"

She tossed her coat across a Louis XIV chair, teetering on its skiny gold legs.

"Fine. I'll be right in, dear."

She wanted to see her lover at Monty had seen her. Before she powdered her nose, or poked her short ends up. To look upon her self through his eyes, and guess what he had thought.

She crossed the room, to the long mirror on the farther wall, and inspected herself critically.

Well, Monty wouldn't think she had changed for the worse, that was sure.

Felix was wearing a broadened dressing gown with silk frogs all over the front of it. They were all ways catching in Ashtoreth's hair, when he held her against him. She kissed him lightly, avoiding his arms.

"Miss me, Holly? You'd never guess who I bumped into, dear."

"Anybody I know?"

"Well, sort of. Guess."

"Saddle Morton, with a sugar daddy?"

"No, Oh, you'd never know—Monty English, dear!"

Ashtoreth, forgetting the frogs for the moment, wound her arms about her husband's neck.

"And I was thinking, dear—wouldn't it be nice to ask him to have dinner with us some night?"

Hollis agreed good naturedly.

"Why, fine. Anything you'd like, Orchid. Why didn't you bring him

back with you?"

"Oh, he had an appointment tonight. He's selling radios. Holly, And, you'd never believe it, but he says business is just wonderful. He says American salesmen are the only ones that have any punch, being coming all the way from Boston to sell radios to Frenchmen!"

"Where did you see him, Orchid?"

"Oh, it was just the funniest thing. You know you've never taken me to Saint Chapelle, and I've been just dying to see it—"

Hollis suppressed a small smile.

"But you said you hated going to churches, dear."

"Oh, I know. But you might have known that I'd loved to have gone with you; if you'd ever once asked me. Anyway, I thought I'd go this afternoon, all by myself. So—I was walking through the flower market—when, all of a sudden—oh, no, I wasn't—I went to that cafe on the corner. And I'd just barely sat down, when who should come along but Monty! My goodness, Holly, I thought I was seeing things!"

"It seems he doesn't know a soul, and he's terribly lonely. He's living on the Left Bank, and nobody speaks any English, and Monty doesn't know much French yet. And I could just tell he was desolate. So I thought it would be awfully nice, dear, if you didn't mind, to have him up for dinner some time."

Hollis patted her small dark head.

"Any time you say, Orchid."

She let him hold her then. And, when her hair caught in the frogs on his dressing gown, she laughed. And put her head back, for him to kiss her lips.

"Love me?" she whispered.

"Love you?" he cried. "Oh, Orchid—"

And later, when he had carried her to the little brocade love seat, all fat and putty, and covered with pink roses, he held her in his arms, and asked her softly:

"Tell me, Orchid—truly, dear—are you happy?"

She buried her head against his shoulder.

"Why, Holly, what a question!"

But her voice was so muffled, he could not hear. And he lifted her chin with his finger tips.

"Are you as happy, Sweetheart, as you dreamed of being? You're not disappointed? Everything's beautiful?"

"Beautiful!" she whispered.

"And this Monty-boy didn't make you sorry about anything?"

"Why, Holly, how could he, dear?"

She snuggled closer, against his chest.

"I bought some lilies for mother today. Those colored damasks. She'll be so pleased."

"Always thinking of someone else!" he murmured tenderly.

He kissed the back of her neck, where her straight hair curled in surprising little twists, like the tendrils on sweet peas.

"Oh, my goodness, Holly! Now

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I'm all caught on these old frogs again."

"I'm sorry, dear."

He separated frogs and hair gently. The enchanted moment had passed.

"Let's have a cocktail!" Ashtoreth shook out her skirts. "Tell them good strong ones, Holly."

Ashtoreth had learned to drink cocktails in Paris. Somehow they helped her to forget all about Hollis' two front teeth on their little avivela . . . She didn't even mind when he kept saying "Orchid . . . Orchid . . ." as if it was his prayer. And telling her, over and over again how wonderful she was.

Oh, it was very nice, of course, to have a man so absolutely insane about you. But . . . well, a few cocktails did help. There was no getting around that. Because, naturally, a girl had to be pretty sweet to a man who was always giving her things.

There were times when she had a ghastly feeling of paying for pearls and amethysts with her kisses and her arms. There were, in fact, times when she thought of that letter her father had written her. She wondered if Hollis ever thought of it himself . . . That part about girls who trusted exclusively to their youthful charms being no better than courtesans . . . Only wiser and less honest.

(To Be Continued)

Ashtoreth sees Monty again—and again. Details in the next chapter.

SHULL GETS NEW TRIAL

(Associated Press Local Wire)

PENNINGTON, Feb. 24.—The supreme court has granted a stay of execution in the case of Ralph Shull, convicted of manslaughter in

connection with the death of Bob Lisner, and he is expected to be retried here. Bail has been set at \$10,000. An appeal was filed by his attorneys in circuit court here yesterday.

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COFFEE

COFFEE

COFFEE

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

HEY!! W-WOT WAS THAT?

OH, THAT'S JIMMY TH' FLYIN' SCHOOL COMIN' IN

THEY ALWAYS DIP DOWN OVER MY TEA ROOM HERE WHEN THEY GET BACK—SO I'LL HEAR 'EM! THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR ME TO START TO GET THEIR LUNCH READY

AW—FER!!!

WELL, I'M GONNA DRIFT ON—GEE, BABY—I NEVER GET TO SEE YOU ALONE ANYMORE—SINCE YOU'VE STARTED THIS PLACE

I'M SORRY, FER—I'D LIKE TO VISIT WITH YOU—BUT I REALLY CAN'T! BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, YOU KNOW

WELL, IF YOU WILL BE SO BLAMED PRACTICAL, YOU STILL OUGHTA BE NICE TO ME—HAIN'T I SHOWN YOU THAT I CAN EAT AS MUCH AS FIVE PEOPLE?

By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

GEE, FOR HAVING TO STAY IN THE HOUSE LIKE THIS MAKES ME NEUROUS—I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF!

WHY DON'T YOU READ SOME GOOD BOOKS? TAY, SO AND GET AN ARMFUL OF BOOKS FOR FRECKLES!

I'LL GET SOME NICE ONES FOR YOU

HERE'S A LOT THAT I PICKED OUT FOR YOU—A BOY SCOUT BOOK, AN INDIAN STORY, AN A DOG BOOK, AN—OH, A LOT OF OTHER NICE ONES.

GEE—IF I STAYED IN THE HOUSE UNTIL I READ ALL THOSE IT'D BE SUMMER TIME BEFORE I GOT THROUGH!

WELL, THAT'S ABOUT ALL I CAN DO—READ BOOKS, AN LISTEN TO ALL THE TRAINS WHISTLE AS THEY WHIZZ THROUGH TOWN—LISTEN! THAT SOUNDS LIKE ONE IS STOPPING AT THE DEPOT NOW!

MUST BE SOMEBODY IMPORTANT GETTIN' OFF HERE FOR NUMBER NINETY TO STOP!

IT'S ONLY TIME SHE STOPPED BEFORE WHIZ LAST FALL WHEN THEY HIT OLD MAN OTT'S COW!

THE CRACK LIMITED STOPS AT SHADYSIDE AND A PASSENGER IS ABOUT TO STEP FORTH!!

By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM

HELLO, SAM! I HEAR YOU'VE LOST YOUR JOB AS A BILL POSTER

YEAH—BUT I GOT ANOTHER JOB NOW—IN TH' KLASZY KANDY KITCHEN—

THAT'S FINE, BUT WHY AREN'T YOU WORKING NOW?

OH, THIS IS MY LUNCH TWO HOURS. BUT SAY—

THAT STORE HAS THE BEST CANDY IN TOWN—

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, SAM!

BUT I'M SURE IN THIS CASE—I'VE SAMPLED EVERYTHING IN TH' PLACE!

J. GUZZLEM

Ferdy Demands Good Treatment

WELL, I'M GONNA DRIFT ON—GEE, BABY—I NEVER GET TO SEE YOU ALONE ANYMORE—SINCE YOU'VE STARTED THIS PLACE

I'M SORRY, FER—I'D LIKE TO VISIT WITH YOU—BUT I REALLY CAN'T! BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, YOU KNOW

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By Blosser

Three Guesses

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THE CRACK LIMITED STOPS AT SHADYSIDE AND A PASSENGER IS ABOUT TO STEP FORTH!!

By Blosser

A Fast Worker